

HARDY "BUSHMEN" FLYING FROZEN NORTH

Report by Martin Thornhill

Dick Gordon Presents

STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO



"PANAMA HATTIE" is a show you can't help liking if bags of good clean fun and pretty girls keep you awake.

Bebe Daniels is rocking London's Piccadilly Theatre audiences nine times a week, and although the carpet expenses are high because lookers won't take their eyes off the girls even to put butt-ends in the ash-trays, the show must be a big box-office winner.

Richards Hearne, Max Wall and Jack Stanford, as three stooge matalots, are funny as panto comics, and a galaxy of gorgeous girls generously give out glamour. Frances Marsden is a very fresh young lady who looks like Ginger Rogers and, interpret this as you may, I think more ought to be seen of her.

There's a lot more people, each in turn stepping up the show and working up to the high spots, when Bebe's body slinks across stage.

If you are visiting the capital showland, this is a must.



Frances Marsden

HOLLYWOOD, city of constantly-changing trends, has a new one. Stars of the entertainment world suddenly are appearing as themselves, not as story characters, in their latest pictures.

Lucille Ball, for example, named Lucille Ball in M.-G.-M.'s "Best Foot Forward." Lena Horne appears as herself in "Swing Fever," and Hazel Scott and Eddie "Rochester" Anderson do likewise in "Broadway Rhythm."

Greer Garson, Robert Taylor, William Powell, Lana Turner and Walter Pidgeon recently played themselves in "The Youngest Profession" as Oscar Levant is doing in "The Life of George Gershwin." Irving Berlin was himself in "This Is The Army."

Band leaders Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Kay Kyser, Harry James and Xavier Cugat now are well accustomed to being hailed by their right names on the screen.

They can truthfully say that they feel natural before the cameras.

TO let piano-pounding Hazel Scott improvise on a classical melody is like tossing an incendiary bomb into a fireworks factory. Incredible pyrotechnics result.

Hazel can start a blaze by rubbing two notes together. Dust of long-dead compositions explodes like gunpowder at the spark of her eight-to-the-bar rhythms. Beating out music that is as brilliantly incandescent as a welding arc, this talented negro virtuoso has had New York night club audiences panting ecstatically for thirty-six months. Now, at long last, she is in Hollywood, putting on celluloid the hottest rhythms since Nero's classic serenade.

The torrid Scott style was no overnight creation.

"I'm old show business, honey," Hazel chuckles. "Been beatin' that piano since I was four."

Born in Trinidad, land of Calypso music and humming-birds, Hazel was brought to the United States by her parents at the age of four. She studied concert piano until she was eight, had discovered her ability to cayenne pepper classics by the time she reached fourteen.

After a year of travelling with her mother's all-girl orchestra, Hazel trained her sights on loftier targets, and has been climbing ever since.

LOU COSTELLO, Universal star, was scheduled to return to the radio last week, after having been laid low for nine months by rheumatic fever. Three hours before he was due on the air, and shortly after the last script-reading started, a member of the N.B.C. brought him news that his one-year-old son, Lou, Jr., had been drowned in their Van Nuys Home swimming pool.

Costello sped from studio to his home while doctors worked futilely to bring back a spark of life into the youngster.

Meanwhile at the studio, producer Martin Gosch and Costello's partner, Bud Abbott, started making calls for a substitute. They didn't consider that he would be able to go through with a slapstick comedy show. Contact was made with Mickey Rooney and he came running. Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante and Red Skelton heard the sad news and offered to take over for Lou. Rooney was handed Costello's script and told to stand by.

The tradition of the theatre, "the show must go on," deeply ingrained in Costello through his long years in show business,

must have been running through his mind. Less than half an hour before the start of the programme he phoned Abbott. Half an hour later he was at the studio and went through a final reading of the script.

None of the audience who listened to the broadcast was aware of Costello's great grief. He gave no outward evidence of his loss, ad-libbing quips and carrying on in the old Costello way. The crowd howled at his gags, as he read his last line and tossed his script to a wave in the front row, Abbott brought the show to a close with the following speech:

"I would like to take a moment to pay tribute to my best friend, and to a man who has more courage than I have ever seen displayed in the theatre. Just a short time before our broadcast started, Lou Costello was told that his baby—one year old to-morrow—had died." Sobs were audible through

Wedding Bells for E.A. Robert Cairns



THEY'RE a hardy breed, those fellows who fly Canada's North-West Territory, a vast ice-bound region which is being rapidly developed to replace vital minerals lost to us for the duration. The older they get, the tougher they seem to become.

The oldest man flying air transport is a Canadian bush pilot, whose memory reaches back to those hard-bitten old gold-seekers who dog-sledded into Canada's frozen North over forty years ago.

A brave new world has come to life in this wilderness nearly the size of the United States, where only a few years ago canoes and dog-teams laboured to cover the long distances.

It is a world of relatively few people, in which the principal actors are these flying men who carry into it everything that goes there—prospectors, engineers, labour, food, machinery, spares, even whole mining plants.

SINEWS OF WAR.

There is more gold in Canadian hills than ever came out of them, and gold is a war-winning material. But even more so are copper, tin, lead and zinc, tungsten and nickel, and platinum.

Under the stimulus of war, Canada's wealth in these minerals has given her industrial output the fourth place among the United Nations.

Shortly after hostilities began, that development was geared to top speed to produce munitions of war for Canadian factories, as well as to replace vital war minerals lost to Britain.

Without transport planes and the men who fly them, the working and expansion of the mines and the finding of new ones would be impossible on a scale large enough to be helpful to the war effort.

Aircraft have, in fact, proved the key to the mineral treasure that has long lain locked up in Canada's icy North.

Bush flying began in the years after the previous war, when a few demobbed Canadian pilots, reluctant to abandon the air, took to flying old planes to small, far-distant trapping and mining settlements.

the audience as they left, following a three-minute silent tribute. Asked if Costello at any time had shown signs of cracking, Gosch replied: "It was the greatest display of courage I've ever seen. Lou took it like the trouper that he is." At one point in the script where Costello read "I feel sad to-day" there were dewy eyes on the stage. He closed it quickly with "I broke up with my girl to-day." A less stoic performer would have asked for other lines.

HELLO, Electrical Artificer Robert Cairns! Do you remember this day on a recent leave?

"Good Morning" caught you as you left Bruntsfield Church, Edinburgh, with your bride, Miss Jean Blythe,



The old way still lives on

Prospectors began to find them a welcome substitute for the old long treks by dog and sleigh.

AIR LANES POINT NORTH.

Fixed air routes followed. They joined Edmonton with Aklavik, port at the far mouth of the Mackenzie River, within the Arctic Circle; and connected all the intervening posts on routes to the North and with Dawson City to the North-West.

It was bush pilots who made and continue to make it possible to work the famous Eldorado radium mine, which ranked Canada as one of the world's chief sources of radium, and reduced its cost from £15,000 to £4,000 per gramme.

Most of the Alaskan Highway was a bush line before it became a road. Fighters and bombers flying to Alaska travel almost the same air trail blazed by bush pilots twenty to thirty years ago.

The aerial maps, carefully examined by surveyors and geologists employed by the big mining interests, are based on bush pilots' photographs of thousands of acres of prospective mineral-producing territory.

A company selects a likely area, and a bush pilot flies its prospector to the spot, plus tent, tools, explosives and supplies.

Only the pilot, his airline and mining employers know where he landed, and they must all keep the secret. Later he returns to the desolate spot with more supplies, and carries away samples of ore to be assayed.

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blythe, of Ritchie Place, Edinburgh. And your father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cairns, of 20 East Cottages, Granton, were there, too.

Maybe you were not aware, but your lovely bride wore a gown of white slipper satin with a long veil of net, carried a bouquet of bronze chrysanthemums, and was attended by Miss Doris Cairns in forget-me-not blue lace, and Miss Helen MacLeod in a dress of lilac taffeta.

Each of the bridesmaids carried a posy of chrysanthemums. The best man was your chum, Electrical Artificer Ted Buckingham, and the officiating minister was the Rev. Dr. Moffat Gillan. Good Luck and Good Hunting!

Maybe these show promise; then the coming summer sees a mining settlement take shape in the wilderness, its personnel, machinery, spares and food supplied and maintained throughout by air.

In those trusty cargo planes you would find some queer freights. It was thought an incredible feat when, to a remote settlement in the far North, went the first full-sized plane.

In one year the Arctic flying services carried over 30,000,000 pounds of equipment.

A bush pilot must be pilot, observer, mechanic, jack-of-all-trades. He must be able to repair his damaged plane with anything he can find; fly over vast unmapped territory, where the nearness of the magnetic pole makes his compass useless.

A forced landing, with passengers, in the Arctic desert, the thermometer showing 75 degrees of frost, may mean pitching a tent, finding and cutting wood, building a fire, perhaps hunting a moose, killing and cooking it, and being nursemaid to the passengers till a rescue plane can find them.

Pioneering is as true of this great Canadian adventure to-day as yesterday. Almost the only men taking part who do not, exclusively, fly, are the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Policing of the whole area was done by some 100 officers and men, their posts often 300 miles apart.

Helped by about 300 sled dogs, these Mounties kept watch over an area nearly as large as France, facing hardships no other police force even dreamed of.

To keep pace with the rapid expansion of the territory the R.C.M.P. now have a fleet of aircraft, with a central all-season base near Fort McMurray, in Northern Alberta. From there the long and fatherly arm of the Federal Government reaches out to within 100 miles of the Pole.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

PART V

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

STRANGE—TRUE

By Shakespeare's "first folio" is meant the first collection of his plays in folio form—that is, printed on sheets folded once. Sheets folded twice, giving four pages, are termed quarto; folded three times, giving eight pages, they are called octavo. Usually, the octavo book is smaller than the quarto or folio, but the size of a book depends, of course, on the size of the sheet which is folded.

QUIZ
for today

1. The Apennine Mountains are in Derbyshire, Australia, Switzerland, Italy, France, U.S.A.?
2. Who wrote (a) The Descent of Man, (b) A Descent into the Maelstrom?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: St. Thomas's Hospital, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Christ's Hospital, Guy's Hospital?
4. Which is the Eternal City?
5. What are water-nymphs called?
6. Who owned a coat of many colours?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Lettuce, Legislate, Lachrymose, Litmus, Luminus, Lenient?
8. How many lions are there on the Royal Standard?
9. What is the speed of the swallow?
10. Who is the patron saint of Wales?
11. What is the only British possession in South America?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 292

1. Tasseled cap.
2. (a) Quiller-Couch, (b) Charles Kingsley.
3. Warwickshire has no coastline; the others have.
4. Joan of Arc.
5. Statue of Liberty, New York Harbour.
6. Ranter, Ringwood.
7. Subtraction, Scimitar.
8. Stars and Stripes, 1777. (Union Jack, 1801.)
9. 7 m.p.h.
10. Berne.
11. A large diamond found in India.
12. Camomile, Coltsfoot, Campion, Celandine, etc.

JANE



"Here yer Pays for Cokernuts"

SO I went to sea. There was no need to stow away this time. Seamen were deserting from every British ship to try their luck in the goldfields. I got a job on the first ship I tried, the old "Oritaba," as a coal-trimmer and snowjack hand in the refrigerator. Having duly touched the pen, I returned to Thistlethwaite Street, packed a few things in a paper parcel, and shook the dust of Melbourne from my pointed boots.

The firemen's fo'c'sle was full of Cockneys. I had had little to do with Englishmen before, but had always heard them referred to as "pommies." My general impression was that they were good fellows, but not quite all there. It gave me quite a shock to find that these Cockneys regarded Australians as faintly comic. They insisted that I ate my food with a boomerang, asked tenderly about my grandfather, Charlie Peace, whom they had had the privilege of transporting, and begged me

to lift my shirt-tails and exhibit the little pouch where I carried the nippers.

When all else failed they would chant over and over again, "Woolloomooloo, Woolloomooloo, Woolloomooloo." This, they would say, was the Australian for "Here you pays for your own cokernuts."

I was lucky in being both snowjack and trimmer. After a few hours' sweeping and shovelling snow in the refrigerator I could always avoid frostbite by drawing the ashes and wheeling coal in the stokehold.

I was bushman enough to see how the Southern Cross had disappeared over the rim of the world, and to pick out for the first time the Pole Star and the Plough. You would be surprised how lonely that can make a man feel.

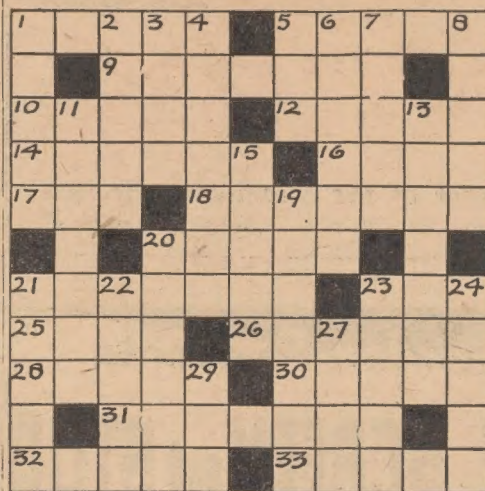
While we were waiting to be paid off at Tilbury, Sam, the fireman, offered me the pick of his three overcoats, for the weather was cold. "I'll take that," I said, pointing to the shabbiest.

"Oh, no, you don't," said Sam, going pale in the face. He put the coat over his arm and went out of the fo'c'sle, and I never saw it again. I heard later that it had belonged to a man who had been found murdered on Tilbury flats some time before, and it was whispered that Sam had had a hand in it. I suppose he weighted the coat and dumped it into the dock. He did not give me either of the others.

I was paid off from the "Oritaba" with four pounds ten shillings, and took lodgings in Grays, about two miles from Tilbury. In those days, before the Boer War, four pounds ten was a lot of money, and for weeks I lived like a lord. Necessities were cheap, beer and tobacco costing only a quarter of their price to-day. If you wanted to treat your girl there were cockles, whelks and jellied eels set out on stalls, lit by roaring naphtha flares. Since then I have eaten quails in aspic in the President's palace in Santo Domingo, and to my mind they were not fit to be spoken of in the same breath as London jellied eels.

The cinematograph had not yet come in, so there were no picture palaces enticing the young sailor to squander his money. But you could walk

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Area for games.
5 Rent.
9 Rear.
10 Occur.
12 Thrush.
14 Natural ardour.
16 Portable shelter.
17 Meet.
18 Freedom.
20 Goes by car.
21 Stupefied.
23 Sponge-bath.
25 Presently.
26 Pale green.
28 Bitten.
30 Drinks.
31 Tendons.
32 Ingress.
33 Documents.

GOOD SOFTEN
ALBINO LAX
BILGE RADIO
VISITOR TA
TEG LOSES R
USER W DISK
T DETER MAY
OH CODICIL
ROBIN SOLUS
MAP RELATE
GENERA DREM

CLUES DOWN.
1 Grip. 2 One. 3 Plant disease. 4 Lattice.
5 Amount of money. 6 Talks nonsense. 7 Prize.
8 Savoury. 11 Reacting substance. 13 Thrust.
15 Duck. 19 Sprinkled. 20 Bean. 21 Sew temporarily. 22 Shed feathers. 23 Form of verb.
24 Foundation. 27 Parent. 29 Light-hearted.

to spy out the couples whispering among the stooks.

I expect some of those girls must be living around Grays to-day, married, and maybe grandmothers. Perhaps their grandchildren are already finding their way down to that cornfield by the river. So no names, no pack drill, in case this book finds its way down to Tilbury. Children think little enough of their elders as it is.

But all good things come to an end. One morning I woke up and saw a strange white light reflected on the ceiling of my little top-floor bedroom. Hauling on my slacks, I skipped over to the window, and found everything covered with snow.

"Good morning, Ma!" I shouted, putting my head round the kitchen door. "Look, Ma, it's been snowing!"

"Good morning, my foot!" said the landlady peevishly. "Go and look for a ship!"

Like all females doing business with seafaring men, she had financial second sight, and knew that I was getting near the bone. Two days later I left the West India Dock, bound for Baltimore in the "Knight Companion."

Then I made up my mind to go to South Africa and see the war for myself. I joined the "Dunvegan Castle" as fireman, but not under my own name, since I intended to take French leave as soon as she reached the Cape. She was taking out a contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, none of whom had yet got their uniforms. Mostly they were stockbrokers, country gentlemen, and boys from the universities. In our watch below we used to sit on the hatch and watch them, still in claw-hammer coats and stiff gaff-topsail collars, being drilled by a little sergeant from Birmingham.

No sooner would the sergeant get them drawn up in a straight line than the old "Dunvegan Castle" would take a roll and set them staggering all over the deck, for not a man had found his sea legs.

"Stand steady!" the sergeant would roar, hanging on to the fire-rail for support. "Have you no self-control?"

One day one of the young fellows gave the bos'n half-a-crown to give the fire-rail a lick of paint. Next forenoon the sergeant clapped hold of it as usual, and went on strutting up and down, twirling the spikes of his moustache. He could not make out why his squad kept giggling and nudging like a pack of schoolgirls in a monkey-house, and roared at them until he was purple in the face. Next time we saw him he was clean-shaven.

While the Yeomanry were disembarking at Capetown I pitched a couple of shirts out of the porthole on to the wharf. Whistling innocently, I strolled down the gangway, picked up the shirts, and went off to join Kitchener's Fighting Scouts. They were not asking many questions in those days, and I was soon rigged out in Her

Majesty's uniform. I did my fighting and scouting at the helm of a traction-engine, hauling supplies from the docks, a position not without risk. No less than four times black piccaninies stole my lunch.

All the fighting I saw during that campaign took place in the waterfront saloons of Capetown, but I heard one shot fired in anger. That was up-country, near Pietermaritzburg. We were playing nap at the time, and all rushed out when the rifle was heard. The sentry had heard footsteps, challenged, and fired when there was no reply.

"I'll 'im, too!" he told us. "Mein Gott! I 'eared 'im say, and then 'e falls with a sickening thud."

We listened for a while, and, sure enough, we caught the sound of loud, distressed breathing, just what you would expect from a wounded man. Lanterns were brought, and at the spot indicated by the sentry we found a hobbled mule grazing. It was not even scratched. I often wonder about that sentry, for when we returned to our cards the kitty had mysteriously vanished.

(To be continued)

WANGLING
WORDS—248

1. Put a drink in DMER and make a musician.
2. Rearrange the letters of O REST LOVE and make a statesman.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: JUG into ALE, JACK into JOHN, SKIP into JUMP, ROSES into THORN.
4. Make two other seven-letter words from the letters of ASPIRED.

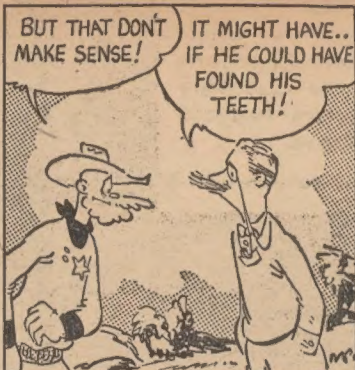
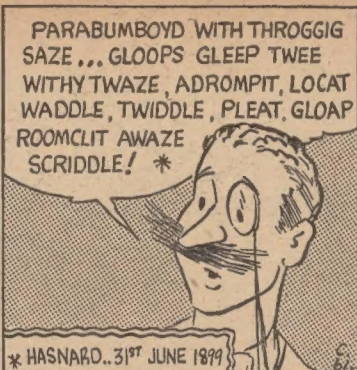
Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 247

1. AMBASSADOR.
2. CAULIFLOWER.
3. BEER, BEET, BEST, PEST, PAST, PASS, BASS, LEAF, LEAS, LETS, BETS, BEDS, BUDS, COLD, COLT, COOT, FOOT, FONT, FOND, FEND, FEED, SEED, SPED, APED, APES, ACES, ICES, DUST, BUST, BEST, BENT, SENT, SEND, SAND.
4. REPENTS, PRESENT.

Better by far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad.
Christina Rossetti.

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye.
Francis Quarles
(1592-1644)

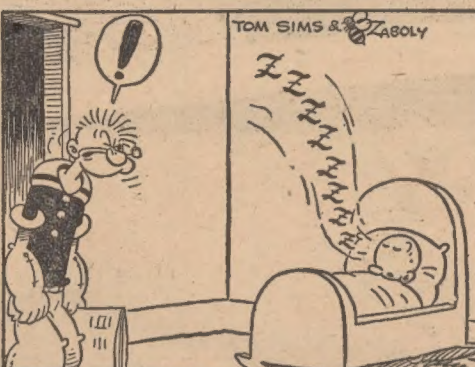
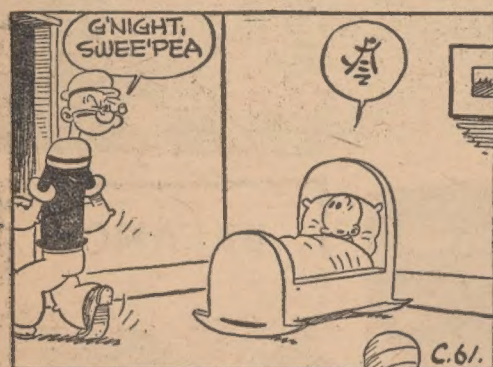
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GREYHOUND RACING TRAPS

By W. H. MILLIER

I AM often asked whether greyhound racing is straight; and I have to reply that it is as straight as any other sport in which money is the big consideration, and that it is, on the whole, very well conducted.

If you follow it very closely you are likely to find more winners and lose less money than you would at horse-racing.

There are a certain number of tracks where it is a waste of time to attempt to study or follow form; and if you must go to them, the best thing is to treat it as animated roulette and put your money on a number and hope for the best.

These tracks, however, are by no means in the majority. At the first-class tracks you will find that it does pay to follow form.

Of course, there are various means of "twisting the book" if a trainer wishes to pull a fast one now and again, but, as far as is humanly possible, rules and regulations have been devised to ensure perfectly honest racing, and in the main this is what the public gets at all the well-conducted tracks.

If the official times of the races are dependable, then you cannot do better than work on time in assessing form.

But I must say that there are still a number of tracks where it is not wise to depend on the accuracy of the times returned.

At such tracks I time my own races, and I can say that on many occasions the discrepancies mean the difference of many lengths in assessing form. In my opinion, it should be made compulsory for all tracks to use ray timing.

For the man who goes but once in a while to a greyhound track, the safest plan is to follow the selections given in his newspaper. Some are better than others, and it is no purpose of mine to attempt to classify them here.

What it means is that some guidance is better than betting blindly.

Working out the form of greyhounds can almost be boiled down to an exact science. This, of course, must be qualified, because, after all, greyhounds are not machines. But it is astonishing how consistent greyhounds can be.

They run machines very close for consistency—that is to say, provided they are always perfectly fit for their races.

Most of the various races are made up of greyhounds capable of covering the course in the same time.

The racing manager, or grader, on every track works with the idea of getting exceedingly close races. If there are only short heads and necks, between the field at the finish, the grader has done his work well, but it does not always pan out this way. There are so many things that can influence the result.

Collisions and bumping at the bends are the bugbears that somehow appear to be inevitable, particularly if a wide runner happens to be drawn on the inside position, or if a railer is drawn outside.

Before you can be sure of making anything approaching an accurate forecast of the race, you must know the railers and the wide runners and be able to distinguish them.

A greyhound never changes his characteristics. The tendency to rail or to run wide is inborn, and is the canine equivalent to the right-handed or left-handed human.

Knowing this, you will realise that the trap position is an important factor.

To be drawn in the most suitable trap means all the difference between winning and losing. That is the principal reason why breeders endeavour to breed from fast-starters.

If a greyhound is known to be the fastest starter in the race he can generally be relied upon to overcome the disadvantage of an unsuitable trap position.

Being in front of his rivals at the start, he can usually secure his best running position and avoid all trouble at the bends.

The trap position is such an important factor that the governing body rules that the traps must be drawn. This is, as often as not, honoured more in the breach than in the observance.

Thus, a racing manager will place certain greyhounds in unsuitable trap positions in order to bring about a surprise result.

If you ask my advice, I say find out the tracks that make the trap draw in public and give these your support in preference to the others. You are almost certain to get more honest racing, which is the main thing above all else.

America, thou half-brother of the world; With something good and bad of every land. Philip James Bailey (1816-1902).

It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth.

Arthur James Balfour.

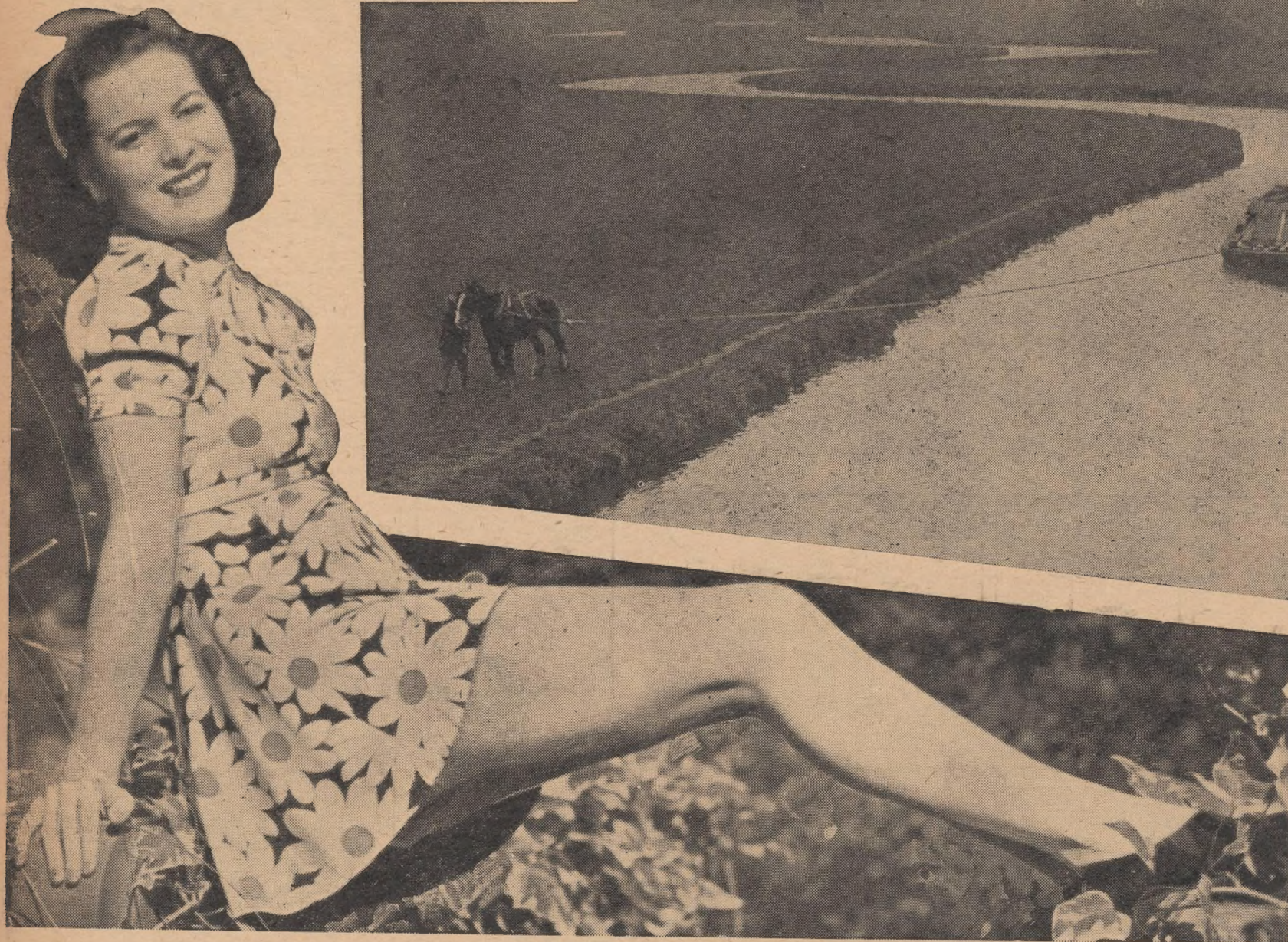
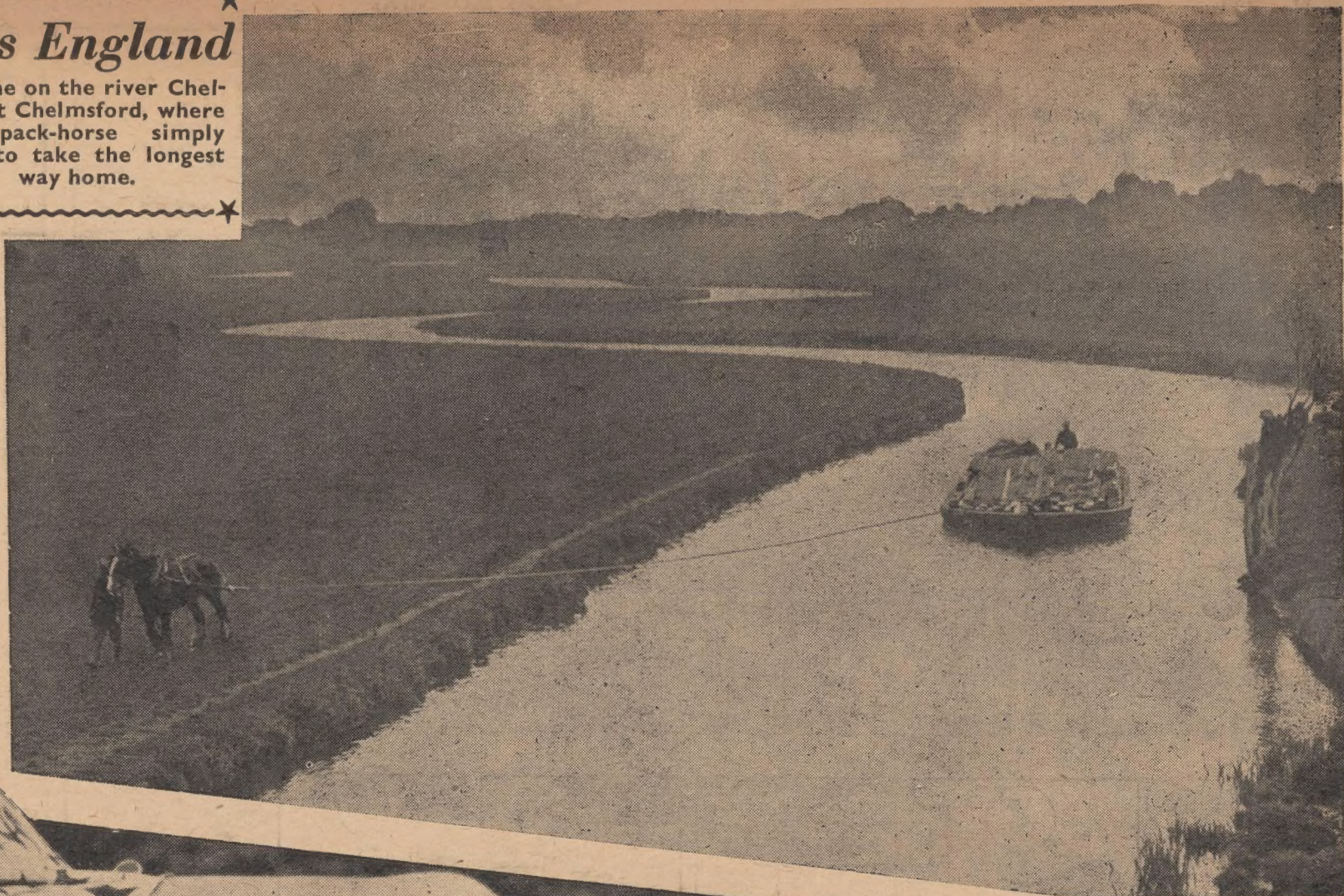
Frank Harris . . . said . . . : "The fact is, Mr. Balfour, all the faults of the age come from Christianity and journalism." "Christianity, of course, but why journalism?"

Arthur James Balfour.

**Good
Morning**

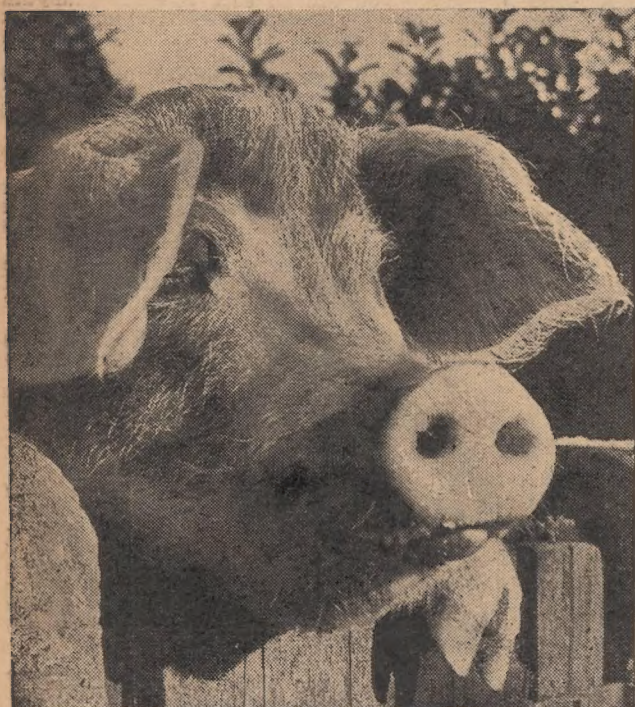
This England

A scene on the river Chelmer at Chelmsford, where the pack-horse simply HAS to take the longest way home.

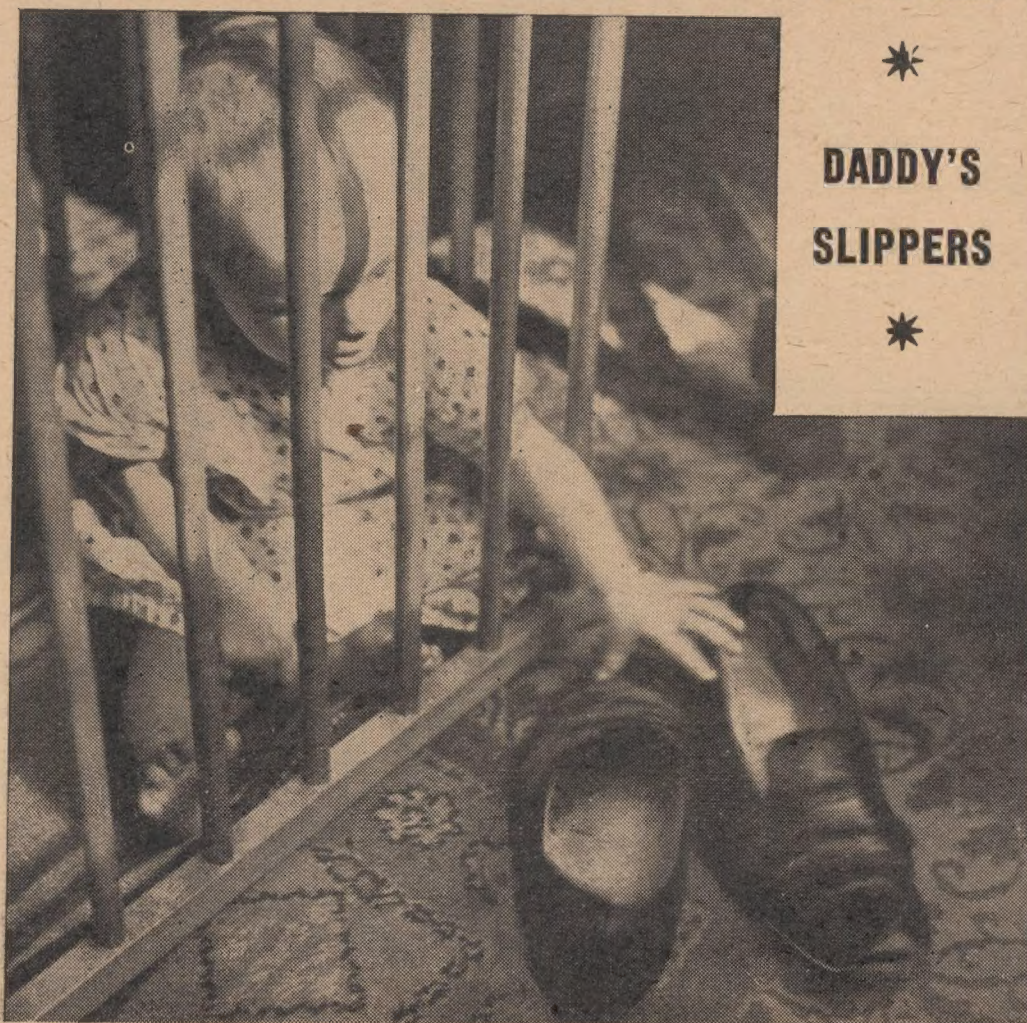


QUITE A DAISY!

R.K.O. star Maureen O'Hara.



AND YOU KNOW, HE WILL KEEP
POKING HIS NOSE INTO
EVERYTHING



**DADDY'S
SLIPPERS**

BALANCE



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Pulling strings,
huh?"

